

The Book Factory

By EDWARD ANTHONY.

DEDICATED TO FLOYD DELL.

(After dipping into Mr. Dell's new book, "King Arthur's Socks," a collection of short plays, each one of which is fondly dedicated to some one.)

There are more dedications in
This volume than there are
Varieties of home-made gin
Or types of motor car.

There's one to Edna Kenton; one
To Louis Untermeyer,
And one (I haven't yet begun)
To Edna of the lyre.

(Of course, I mean Miss E. Millay.)
And then there's Dud Malone's,
And Kirah Markham's, not to say
The one to Marjorie Jones.

Max Eastman is remembered too,
And Mr. George Cram Cook.
The unremembered folks are few
In Mr. Dell's new book.

Plays are inscribed for Arthur Ficke,
Bror Nordfeldt, Theodore Dreiser;
None of his friends, I'm sure, can kick
That Floyd D. is a miser.

Some day he'll e'en indite a play
To me, although my claim's
Not strong. . . . This will occur some day
When he runs out of names.

THE PROPER WAY TO READ A NOVEL.

Sir: Novels usually are read in two ways, depending upon the sex of the reader. A woman opens a novel at the last page to see if the author has perhaps discovered a new way of describing the fadeout embrace. Of course the author never has, but what is novel reading without hope?

Your male reader, however, prides himself upon a self-control superior to this. He is just as curious about that final kiss as his feminine prototype, but under pretence of preferring to see how the author develops his story he begins at page one and reads straight through to the end.

Neither method is correct. A novel should be read the same way as a railroad timetable. You are going, for instance, from Boston to New York. But finding your leaving and arriving times is uninteresting. The intriguing part of the business is discovering the towns that lie between the terminal points. You slide your finger down the column, and—look, mommer! did you know this train goes through Westerly? Sure it does—Westerly, R. I. And a little further down you find New Haven. Now how the dickens did that ever get in on a Boston-New York trip? Well, well! Thus you speculate, although as a matter of fact you don't care two pins about New Haven and you never heard of Westerly.

That is the right way to read a novel. First you look at page one, which tells you that on a bright or rainy day John or Ethel sat or stood at the window or door drinking in the sunshine as it flooded the garden or gazing at the sodden meadows drowned in rain. Turn now to the last page. You learn here that as Arthur took Claire into his arms for the first time the fogs of suspicion melted for the last time in the warm glow of perfect love. These two pages are your terminal points—the Boston and New York of the story.

Turn now to chapter nine or ten, or the Westerly station of your novel. It says that just as Mr. Gregory finished his usual breakfast of rolls and coffee and with a sigh of satisfaction lit a cigarette, George Beeks entered unceremoniously. Beeks, Gregory; who are these?

It is precisely here that you begin to feel the urge to connect these three stations. But wait. Glance now at chapter twenty-one, corresponding to New Haven. What have we here? Nothing less than the startling information that it was late as John hurried to his appointment at the Antlers Cafe. John? Who's John? Mr. Gregory, John, Ethel, Claire, Arthur; how are these

people to be brought into a continuous story? Boston, Westerly, New Haven, New York; how did they get on the same route?

You are now primed for your actual trip. Half the joy of the journey is checking off the stations on the timetable as you pass them. So you settle down with your novel and your cigarette or your cigarette, depending upon your sex, and plunge in again at page one, this time to read straight through.

That is the true technic of novel reading.

BARON IRELAND.

AUTHOR CONTRADICTS PUBLISHER;
STATEMENT EXPECTED FROM
ALFRED KNOPF.

Wilmarth "Lefty" Lewis writes: "In answer to the queries as to how I happened to write 'Tutor's Lane' (and I don't blame people for wanting to know why any one should want to do such a thing, I invariably reply:

"'Twas brillig and the skithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogroves,
And the momeraths outgrabe."

Since "Tutor's Lane" is announced by Alfred Knopf as a Gilbert & Sullivan novel, this Lewis Carroll explanation is rather bewildering. We have taken the matter up with Mr. Knopf, who is momentarily expected to make a statement. . . . (P. S. Mr. Lewis says he hopes it's a royalty statement.)

RANDOM THOUGHTLET.

Hugh Wiley's "Lily" is the story of a goat and Arnold Bennett's "Lilian" is the story of a girl who declines to be one.

THE MOVIES, A NOVEL, MOVIE
"STARS," BUFFALO, & C.

Emerson Hough's "The Covered Wagon" is being filmed, and the publishers of the book have released a press notice telling of "the vast preparations" for the picture. "The biggest herd of American bison remaining in the United States, numbering some 500, are being utilized in wonderful buffalo hunt pictures," reads the announcement. . . . "Twenty-two cowboys and ropers, experts in their line, . . . were procured for this dangerous work. The dangerous nature of the work was fully recognized, a platform in the nature of a fort being erected for the cameramen, suitable for withstanding any shock, the buffalo being stampeded directly at it. . . .

"Members of the cast were faced with deeds of daring to perform. J. Warren Kerrigan as Will Barton, the hero, had to kill his buffalo with a revolver; Ernest Torrence as Bill Jackson had to undertake to bring down one of the huge beasts with

a bow and arrow. To Tully Marshall, as Jim Bridger, however, was given the most dangerous and thrilling task of the hunt. He had to jump from a running horse to the back of a buffalo and kill the animal with a knife."

Doubtless J. Warren Kerrigan, Ernest Torrence and Tully Marshall felt like heroes as each in turn slew his buffalo (while guards with levelled guns stood on the side lines—for some of us have seen these thrillers made—ready to pepper the helpless animals in case they became too obstreperous). And doubtless it is the privilege of movie "stars" (the quotes, we think, are necessary, and we sigh despairingly as we type 'em, "Oh, constellations! what crimes are committed in thy name!") to enjoy a safe and sane buffalo hunt. But we wouldn't give a dime—or, should we say, a buffalo nickel?—to witness a motion picture that brazenly features, at a time when an almost desperate effort is being made to keep the buffalo from becoming extinct, the slaughter of these historic beasts.

After "The Covered Wagon" is filmed we suggest a picturization of King Philip's War. To make the thing realistic all the Indians still alive could be rounded up and butchered to make a movie holiday. We

Continued on Page Twenty-one.



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She was the beautiful daughter of a father who idolised her and shackled her and bequeathed her to wolves. She sat at 11 p. m. in a gloomy office and dreamed of rifling shops—shops with batiste so rare that her skin would blush through it, shops with magnificent sables, shops with diamonds for her hair. To her, sitting and dreaming, came middle-aged, almost elderly Felix Grig, to tell her she had no business in his office. "You're simply wasting yourself here. You try to please. You're beautiful, and you have an instinct to please. Your business is marriage, and a good marriage!" And in her heart Lilian believed him.

LILIAN

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